

December 1st

HYMN

Lo, How A Rose E'er Blooming

LSB 359

- 1 Lo, how a rose e'er blooming
 From tender stem hath sprung!
 Of Jesse's lineage coming
 As prophets long have sung,
 It came, a flow'ret bright,
 Amid the cold of winter,
 When half-spent was the night.

- 2 Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
 The rose I have in mind;
 With Mary we behold it,
 The virgin mother kind.
 To show God's love aright,
 She bore to us a Savior,
 When half-spent was the night.

- 3 This flow'r, whose fragrance tender
 With sweetness fills the air,
 Dispels with glorious splendor
 The darkness ev'rywhere.
 True man, yet very God,
 From sin and death He saves us
 And lightens ev'ry load.

- 4 O Savior, child of Mary,
 Who felt our human woe;
 O Savior, King of glory,
 Who dost our weakness know:
 Bring us at length we pray
 To the bright courts of heaven,
 And to the endless day.

- 1 Savior of the nations, come,
Virgin's Son, make here Your home!
Marvel now, O heav'n and earth,
That the Lord chose such a birth.
- 2 Not by human flesh and blood,
By the Spirit of our God,
Was the Word of God made flesh—
Woman's offspring, pure and fresh.
- 6 For You are the Father's Son
Who in flesh the vict'ry won.
By Your mighty pow'r make whole
All our ills of flesh and soul.
- 7 From the manger newborn light
Shines in glory through the night.
Darkness there no more resides;
In this light faith now abides.
- △ 8 Glory to the Father sing,
Glory to the Son, our king,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now and through eternity.

HYMN

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

LSB 366

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, goodwill to all,
From heav’n’s all-gracious king.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heav’nly music floats
O’er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov’ring wing,
And ever o’er its babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.
- 3 All you, beneath your heavy load,
By care and guilt bent low,
Who toil along a dreary way
With painful steps and slow:
Look up, for golden is the hour,
Come swiftly on the wing,
The Prince was born to bring you peace;
Of Him the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days have come to pass
By prophets seen of old,
When down into the circling years
Came Christ as was foretold.
His word of peace shall to the earth
God’s ancient promise bring,
And all who take this gift will hear
The song the angels sing.

HYMN

What Child Is This

LSB 370

- 1 What child is this, who, laid to rest,
 On Mary's lap is sleeping?
 Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
 While shepherds watch are keeping?
 This, this is Christ the king,
 Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
 Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
 The babe, the son of Mary!

- 2 Why lies He in such mean estate
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, fear; for sinners here
 The silent Word is pleading.
 Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
 The cross be borne for me, for you;
 Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
 The babe, the son of Mary!

- 3 So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
 Come, peasant, king, to own Him.
 The King of kings salvation brings;
 Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
 Raise, raise the song on high,
 The virgin sings her lullaby;
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The babe, the son of Mary!

- 1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear. Refrain
- ref Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 4 O come, Thou Branch of Jesse's tree,
Free them from Satan's tyranny
That trust Thy mighty pow'r to save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave. Refrain
- 6 O come, Thou Dayspring from on high,
And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight. Refrain
- 7 O come, Desire of nations, bind
In one the hearts of all mankind;
Bid Thou our sad divisions cease,
And be Thyself our King of Peace. Refrain

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear text and tune: Public Domain.

Lo, How A Rose E'er Blooming text and tune: Public Domain.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel text and tune: Public Domain.

Savior of the Nations, Come text attr. Ambrose of Milan, sts 1-2: Public Domain, st 8 tr. F. Samuel Janzoo © 1978 Concordia Publishing House, st 6 tr. *Lutheran Service Book*, st. 7 tr. Gifford A. Grobrien © 2006 Concordia Publishing House; tune: Public Domain. Used with Permission under LSB Hymn License no. 110005438

What Child is This text and tune: Public Domain.